

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

AGE OF ICE—

Peter Prendergast makes you shiver

IT is a real Ice Age that is here to-day; or maybe it had better be called the Frozen Age. And it will get worse as time goes on.

Of course, you know that we have frozen vegetables and frozen meat from the Argentine, and frozen lamb and butter from New Zealand. That, sirs, is elementary.

Here is a list of the new frozen things that have been experimented with and have been proved anything but a frost:—

Frozen mothers' milk is now being transported, so that weak babies may live and thrive. A frozen coffee has just been patented. Frozen blood, used in blood transfusion, is now not only possible, but a fact.

Frozen light can now be stored, although it will be some time before it becomes of household use. At present it may be used for scientific purposes in small quantities.

Frozen grass has been taken across oceans for chicken feed. And, latest of all, frozen dough and batter can be held in that state for months and then used as good as fresh stuff. All this has been done.

But there is more even than that. Cremation took the place, in "scientific" thought, of ordinary ground burial for human beings. Now the idea



is to have dead people frozen and kept in a sort of museum where you can call and pay your respects.

It is the idea of William G. Sneekham, of Kentucky; and he is an "ice man." He owns a refrigerator of enormous proportions. He thinks it would be a great idea to have an Ice Hall of the Dead. But to get back to more

pleasant things. You can freeze almost anything, if you pay attention to temperatures and freeze in the proper way. Experts at the Purdue University have been trying out samples of things. One of these was ordinary batter which mother uses for making pastries, and dough for bread.

It has been a success, and now they say that it will be a commonplace in a year or two for mother to order a pound of frozen dough and take it home for cooking the dinner. And the batter can keep for at least six months, so that it can be ordered in summer and picked up for any Christmas or winter occasion.

In one test, roll dough that had risen once was packed and sealed and frozen quickly at ten degrees below Fahrenheit,

At a Fitzroy Street surgery for animals, cats and dogs are treated there for many different ailments. There is an infirmary there, too; animals recuperate after operations in the infirmary, and they enjoy conditions which contribute much towards their quick recovery. At the back of the large house is a forge—one of many controlled by the partnership in London.

Some of these are old forges, others are of comparatively recent establishment; a forge carries with it the atmosphere of the country—of the places where horses are more common than in town, and where the advance of mechanical transport is not so marked as in the great towns and cities. Most of the horses are shod between five and eight o'clock in the morning.

Every other day Mr. Reid undertakes a tour of the forges and of stables, while his partner attends to dogs and other animals. Some idea of the proportions of his work in this connection will be gathered when it is said that he has over a thousand Pekingese on his books at the present time, as well as a very large number of Alsations and other breeds.

Mr. Howell has performed some remarkable operations on animals, a recent one being for hernia in a valuable Pekingese which was unable to walk. He also operates on cats to render them sterile, and has been very successful in setting thousands of limbs of dogs. The animals are put under an anaesthetic, sometimes for as long as an hour. Indeed, dogs have been known to have 14 grs. of morphia in one day—enough to kill most human beings.

then kept at zero in a frozen locker.

Two months later it was tried out. It was as sweet as new. Judges who didn't know of the freezing process announced it great. Pie pastry was done the same way, with the same results. Indeed, the pastry was kept nine months before being "resurrected."

Frozen grass was harvested in the summer and sent to quick freezing. Leaves of cereals were done, too. They were still good after six months.

The experimenters tried another one. They dried the grass and cereals and crunched them to a powder. It was a green flour; and it was good for both man and beast.

Not only so, but this powdered grass has been served up as a cocktail, served with hot water. It was a success. Mothers' milk can now be frozen and preserved, and it may become one of the necessities that will be shipped to devastated areas after the war—or during it.

It has already been served up to babies in distress, and they have taken to it like natural milk. One of the forms in which it is frozen is in a small cake, which is thawed out and warmed to the natural temperature.

Human blood for transfusions is already on the battlefields—frozen. It is proving invaluable in cases where quick operations are necessary. It is being sent out because the Red Cross officials found it was practically impossible to get supplies for emergency use behind the battle fronts. Now transfusion is brought to the patients, and is saving lives.

As for frozen light, physicists have achieved this unexpected stage by setting up apparatus to bombard fluorescent material with cathode rays. When the bombardment takes place and the blitz is going strong the material glows. When the material is quickly immersed in liquid air at intense cold, far below zero, the glow disappears. Then it is frozen, and later, when it is thawed out, the glow comes back. Frozen light has been achieved.

In time, after the physicists have had their will of this frozen light, it will be possible to collect sunshine by day and freeze it to light your house at night—or keep it till the winter.

But the biggest story of all is in connection with the idea of the Frozen Cemetery of Kentucky. The idea can be extended to the living, and may make a human being capable of living in as many centuries as we now live in years. This is not magic, but hard fact.

Some years ago the physicists of Oxford carried out experiments to prove that life in frogs and fish could be suspended by freezing. They were really proving that Franklin, the Arctic explorer, was telling the truth when he said that he had seen a large cod frozen in a solid block of ice, and when the ice melted the fish swam away as lively as ever.

The Oxford scientists tried it out with frogs, newts and eels. They kept some of these frozen for a long time; then thawed the ice, and the creatures were again merry and bright at release from the cold prison.

Can it be done with man? The only reason that it has not been tried out is that nobody wants to be experimented on.

Beneath The Surface

With AL MALE

IN the story, "The Human Comedy," by William Saroyan, to which I have referred before, the child Ulysses is a real child, to whom the world is wide, wonderful and mysterious.

themselves are being tortured by the feelinglessness of others. So what?

It is very hard to change one's ideals . . . it is very hard to be hard, but there seems no alternative.

One day, on his way home from an expedition to an orchard, Ulysses is held captivated by the sight of a "mechanical" man in a shop window, and so absorbed is he in this strang man-acting-mechanically, that he stands with his nose glued to the shop window until all the passers-by have gone home.

Suddenly, as though the man is fed-up with acting before such a small though fascinated audience, the "mechanical" figure leans right down to the shop window, staring most horribly at the child.

Ulysses is terrified and runs away screaming at the top of his voice, runs anywhere to get away from the hideous sight . . . luckily bumping into his big brother Homer returning home from work.

Completely out of control, he continues to scream, and Homer, unable to figure it out, says, "Why, you're SCARED, Ulysses."

At that, the child immediately pulls himself together and in less than no time is smilingly sitting on the front of his brother's bike, crying out "I'm scared . . . I'm scared."

The point is this. To Ulysses the word "scared" had no meaning of terror, it was just a word bandied about the house, and as soon as he realised that his fearful fright . . . the worst thing that had happened to him up to that point . . . was merely being scared . . . well, it didn't mean a thing.

Aren't a great many of us like that? Don't a great many of us make so much of some things that they become almost insurmountable, and yet the moment someone comes along and takes all the sting out of them we realise that the "terror" which was so real to us was self-created.

But then, it is always easier for us to debunk the troubles of other people, yet hang on to our own, so that there is obviously something lacking, and that something is a standard by which we can really and truly measure the extent of troubles, both for ourselves and others.

And as "troubles" are only powerful in so far as they actually trouble . . . in other words, in so far as they are allowed to worry one . . . then the whole thing boils down, not to a standard for measuring trouble, but a standard of reality by comparison with which we can see the real strength of our worries.

Some people have a knack (or claim to have) of going through life without worrying at all. So long as they do not cause other people to worry, then surely they are fortunate and have hit on something worth knowing.

The point even then is . . . are people who don't worry brainless, or have they a something which definitely debunks worry as being a self-created destructive force? . . . Because there is not the slightest doubt that it is both.

One source of worry can easily be avoided, and that is the one which we cause ourselves simply because we act the damn fool.

The other form, or one should say another form, not so easy to dispose of, is the worry caused by the thoughtlessness or the selfishness of others.

Sensitive people are more prone to fall victim to the latter.

They are afraid of hurting the feelings of others, yet they

People who deliberately hurt others . . . people who knowingly inflict mental torture on others, are actually CRUEL, no matter how they try to disguise their "influence," and as such they must be met with something which will take all the sting out of the blows.

They are as terrifying as the mechanical man was to Ulysses . . . they are almost a day and night nightmare . . . and yet . . . that horror is purely mental to the victim, and as such is either fostered or killed, in the mind of the victim, by himself.

What we want is someone to come along and call the whole thing by another name . . . a name which we hear often and has no sting . . . just like Homer laughed out the word "scared" and banished all the fear.

And I believe that if that word was "scared" . . . we who think ourselves above being scared would be inclined to admit that Fear WAS the cause and that as we are not normally afraid of anything within reason we ought not to be feared by worry.

The only thing to defeat Fear is Faith.

Faith in the sincerity and justice of our actions, Faith in the knowledge that Right will prevail and that Oppression cannot crush our souls . . . Faith in the knowing that if we are doing Right we simply cannot play second string to the bully, mental or physical, because if our Faith is in the Almighty, then nothing on earth has the backing that we have.

There was an old hymn which ran, "With Christ in the vessel, we'll smile at the storm," and though the simile was nautical, it did not stop there.

With Christ's teaching as one's guide, one can take all the sting out of worry, for the simple reason that beyond certain fundamentals of life, nothing matters any more than we allow it to matter.

The accumulation of wealth and power doesn't prevent one from dying, even though the world may bow down to the wealthy and powerful. In fact, it is very questionable if people with wealth and power live any longer than people less wealthy but much happier.

Because a contented mind allied to sufficient to live on are worth much more than all the gold in the world.

A contented mind, mark you, is the main ingredient.

There it goes . . . MIND, again. What an all-important part it plays!

Why don't we let it play its right part?

Why don't we let it debunk those empty things which worry us?

Why don't we fill it with knowledge of our "Oneness" with the Creator . . . with the availability of all the everlasting and almighty things at our disposal through Him?

With the complete knowing of a surety of His support throughout life . . . the support which is the Rock of our Salvation.

The only things which matter emanate from Him.

Other influences only matter as much as we ALLOW them to.

If we give them power . . . if we allow them to "worry us stiff," we cannot very well blame someone else.

Because no other person can do our thinking for us. Cheerio and Good Hunting!

Tending London's Horses

By RON RICHARDS

IN spite of the development of motor traffic, the horse remains in London. Finely he serves us still. There is a patience and dogged determination about the horse which these new mechanical conveyances lack; the horse does not stop suddenly, with no apparent reason, and refuse to go on. A car does, sometimes, and so does a bus or a tram! But not so the horse.

Man's faithful friend will serve till he drops; in London's streets the horse serves to remind us that we can "get there" only by the use of hard work and patience; and in the Row he displays his grace and charms thousands.

We do well to love the horse, man's friend both in peace and war, and it is good to observe, if one is permitted, as were we recently, to look behind the scenes, how attentive to his welfare are those who largely avail themselves of his services.

The great brewery and other firms, which use many horses, degree.



PUZZLE CORNER

DO YOU KNOW?

- (1) How many planets are there?
- (2) Why do gloves keep our hands warm?
- (3) When is it possible to hear a concert before the audience?
- (4) How much water is there in a cabbage?
- (5) Who named electricity?

Solution in S 45.

Answer to MAZE in S 43.

To enter the Maze, keep in contact with the wall on your left and follow it round all corners and blind alleys till you get to the centre. To escape from the Maze, keep similar close contact with the wall on your right.

Can you cross these nine dots by using only four straight lines? Solution in S 45.

HOW TO TALK TO A SLEEPING BEAUTY

FRANK and imaginative was the comment of the Cockney kid who heard the fable of the Sleeping Beauty for the first time: "Cor, I bet 'e 'ad a good time afore she woke up!"

That vein has been taken by poets, novelists and raconteurs since the second century B.C., when a spicy Greek writer, Aristides of Miletus, put together a collection of anecdotes rather of the nature (though on a somewhat higher literary level) of the stories that commercial travellers tell in tap-rooms.

They were translated into Latin by the historian Lucius Sisenna (119-67 B.C.), and many of the stories are just variations on the theme of the Sleeping Beauty.

We can follow the theme backwards from the elegant and pious Coventry Patmore, in a little poem called "The Kiss."

"I saw you take his kiss,"
"Tis true.
'O Modesty, 'Twas strictly kept.
He thought me asleep; at least I knew
He thought I thought he thought I slept!"

A PINK STORY.

The same idea was expressed more than once after the last

war, in the naughty days of the "Pink 'Un"—the "Sporting Times."

On the front page (yes, even then it was a front-page topic) of the "Pink 'Un" for May 8, 1920, appeared this gag on the Sleeping Beauty theme:—

John: "Do you remember last Saturday afternoon you went up to your room for a nap?"

Maud: "Yes, I had a headache. What about it?"

John: "Well, later on I crept upstairs, found you asleep and kissed you."

Maud: "Kissed me! John, I gave you credit for more sense!"

This is really only expressing in a few crude words what poets and romantics have expressed with more verbosity.

In fact, it is surprising how delicately they have wrapped up this intriguing but slightly indecate theme and have succeeded in making true poetry out of the situation.

Nathaniel Lee, for instance, who was a great wit at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge, collaborated with

ARE YOU A DOWSER?

ARE you a dowser—one of those people who can discover underground water with a divining rod? You probably are.

For far more persons possess this gift or faculty than is generally believed. In my experience certainly more than half the people I have tested have it to a greater or lesser degree.

Now, what the explanation of dowsing is I don't know. I don't think anybody knows. And until comparatively recent years it was laughed at by superior persons as humbug and an old wives' tale.

But nowadays there are few country districts in which there is not a professional dowser, who adds to his living the fees paid him by builders or farmers seeking likely places in which to sink wells.

And there are the more ambitious diviners who profess to be able to locate hidden precious metals and even foundations of vanished buildings. Of these I have no personal experience, though I regard their claims with an open mind, because once I, too, used to laugh at water divining as sheer spoof.

Let me tell you how I was converted.

A very wealthy and clever financier, with a name known all over England, told me one day that he could dowse. He had been taught the art by a Boer farmer. I listened sceptically, thinking it odd that a man with so keen a brain should be bamboozled by such obvious rubbish.

Dryden in "Oedipus" and also edited a little publication called "Pills to Purge Melancholy."

It was such a success in purging melancholy that an edition was reprinted some years after Nathaniel's death in 1705. One of the songs would do well in a modern setting:—

Sabina in the dead of night
In restless slumbers wishing lay.

Cynthia was bawd, her dear Light

To loose desires did lead the way.

I step'd to her bed-side with bended knee.

And sure Sabina saw . . . I'm sure she saw—but would not see.

I drew the curtains of the Lawn

Which did her whiter Body keep,

But still the nearer I was drawn,

Methought the faster did she sleep;

I called Sabina softly in her ear,

And sure Sabina heard . . . I'm sure she heard—but would not hear.

And so on. . .

BURNS TRIES HIS HAND.

Or would you prefer the same theme in broad Scots?

In the collection of "The Musical Miscellany" (1731) there is "An old Scots country-side song," attributed to Robert Burns. Its title is "The Mill O," and it runs:—

Beneath a green shade I fand
A fair maid,

Was sleeping sound and still, O;

A lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove

Around her wi' good will, O;

Her bosom I prest; but sunk in her rest

She stirr'dna my joy to spill, O;

While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,

And kiss'd and kiss'd her my fill, O.

That's how the Scots do it. And the Irish?

In the nineteenth century that wayward Irish genius, Tom Moore, tackled the theme of

How to Make Love Without Waking Up in his collection,

Asks
Richard
Keverne

He said, "I'll show you," and cut a V-shaped twig from an elm tree. With this clasped firmly in his hands in a peculiar way, he paced solemnly along the grass where we were walking. Presently the twig turned upward.

"See," he said. "There's water under here somewhere."

I said, "How very interesting," still utterly unconvinced.

He said, "You try." He showed me how to hold the twig. I did. Nothing happened.

"Let's try this way," he said, and taking one leg of the V-twist in his left hand, he held my left hand in his right and I held the other leg of the twig in my right. We marched sedately along.

Then something happened. I felt the twig twisting in my hand. I gripped harder, but could not control it. It was a devilish funny sensation.

"See," he said. "You could do it with a little practice."

I still wasn't convinced. I thought he'd been influencing the twig. He tried it on another member of the party, and that was that for the day.

But next day, remembering the odd experience, I tried by myself. And the thing worked. It was through no conscious

effort of mine. That twig twisted itself up hard in my hands. I couldn't stop it. It was most uncanny.

Well, I've done a lot of it since then. I've checked my reactions with others who dowse. I have found the sites of hidden wells, and I've had a lot of fun out of it.

I am no expert. Some men can give you a very fair idea of at what depth you will find the subterranean stream.

I haven't practised enough to attempt to do that. For the more you practise and study the matter the more proficient you become, I am sure.

By the way, dowsing is only supposed to discover fresh or running water. I, at any rate, get no reaction over stagnant water.

There are various methods of dowsing, and mine perhaps is one of the simplest.

I use any sort of wood for my twig, provided it is not too stiff and has elasticity. Hazel is one of the best; elm is not bad. I have even used lilac for want of something better, but that goes soft in the hand after a very few minutes. Resilience is what you want.

So cut yourself a V-shaped twig with its arms—or legs, if you like—as near the same thickness as you can. The ideal twig is not too easy to find. You don't want it to be more than half an inch in diameter at the end of the legs or it may be too stiff. Just over a quarter of an inch will do. Trim it neatly, particularly the ends, for you have to press your thumbs hard there, and it hurts if they are rough. Each leg should be about 16 to 18 inches long.

Now then: Hold this twig in your hands, V downward, knuckles inward, facing each other, thumbs pressed hard on its ends. Then press your elbows hard to your sides and slowly turn the hands so that the knuckles come up-

ward and parallel to your body, bringing the twig up, pointing ahead of you and parallel to the ground. There is a bit of knack in this, but you'll soon pick it up. The idea is to get a strain on the twig, making it taut and springy in the hands. Grip hard, press your elbows in hard, press your thumbs on the ends hard.

With the twig in that position, firmly held, walk slowly. Then if you can dowse and there's subterranean water about—there isn't always—presently you'll feel the twig pulling round in your hands. Keep your grip firm.

The twig will begin to point up or down, it varies with different people, and the strength of the pull in your hands indicates the nearness and the quantity of the water. The greatest strength in the pull is when you're directly over the spring.

As you move on the tension will relax. Let the twig guide you. Sometimes you'll find what seems to be an underground stream following a direct course across the land. Sometimes the reaction comes in and about one spot only, suggesting an uprising spring.

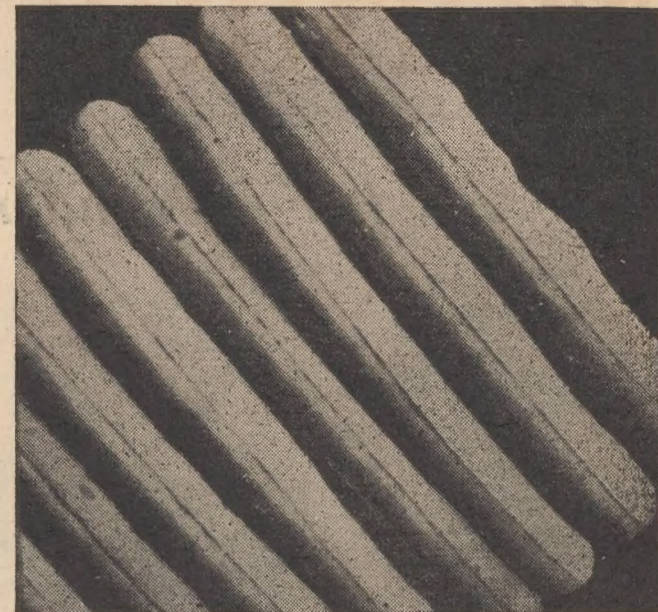
For the rest, experience and practice will teach you much. As for divining for precious metals, I have never tried. I have heard of people who can detect with a divining rod a sovereign hidden under a carpet. Maybe they can. And if you have that rare object, a sovereign, you can try for yourself.

I can offer no explanation, no theory even, of the mystery of dowsing. But I do know that it is an amusing pastime, and can at times be turned into a useful and profitable one.

Try it for yourself and see what happens. And don't be discouraged if you don't succeed at once.

CHRIS GOULD

SUNDAY FARE



WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle. Last week's was Cauliflower.

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CHRIS GOULD

MEDWAY COURT

THE meeting of the Medway Court of Admiralty on a river barge at Rochester is a ceremony which has been carried on unchanged since 1729.

It controls the fishery of the Medway, from Hawkwood to Sheerness, and sits yearly to hear disputes or applications brought by the free fishers, of which there are about 150.

The Mayor of the city presides as Admiral of the Medway.

You see him here in full civic regalia, supported by his Aldermen.

Included in the business of

the Court is the swearing-in of thirteen jurymen, fishermen all, and of two water bailiffs, who during the following twelve months are responsible for the regulation and governing of the river.

It is one of the oldest and most picturesque courts in England.

Queen Anne gave the free fishery of the Medway to certain fishermen for services rendered in repelling the Dutch.

To-day, it's still a privilege to be a free fisher on the Medway—especially when oysters are in season.



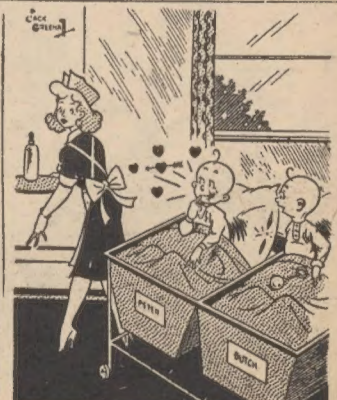
Sunday Thoughts

Fling but a stone, the giant dies.
Laugh and be well.
Matthew Green
(1696-1737).

The human knee is a joint and not an entertainment.
Percy Hammond (1873).

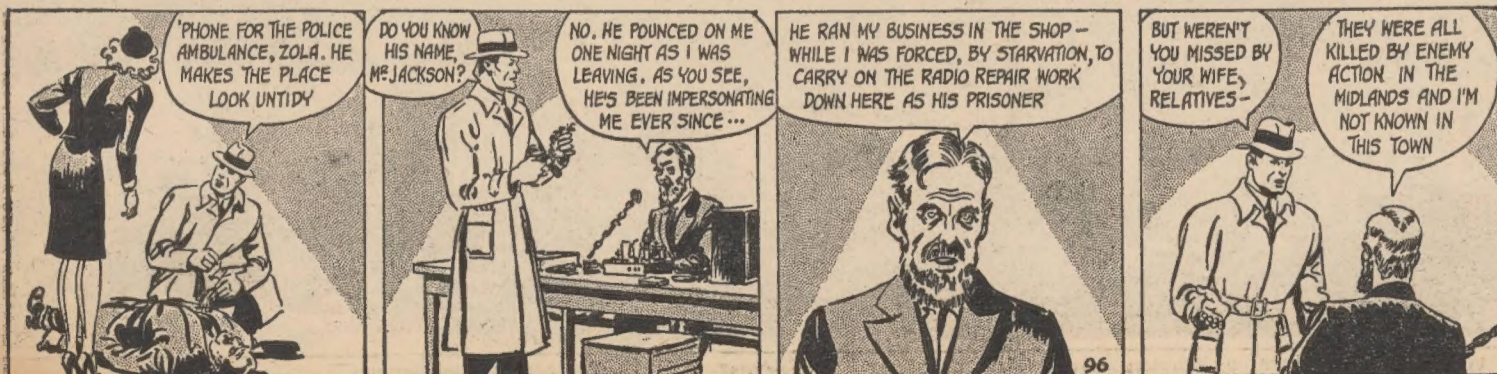
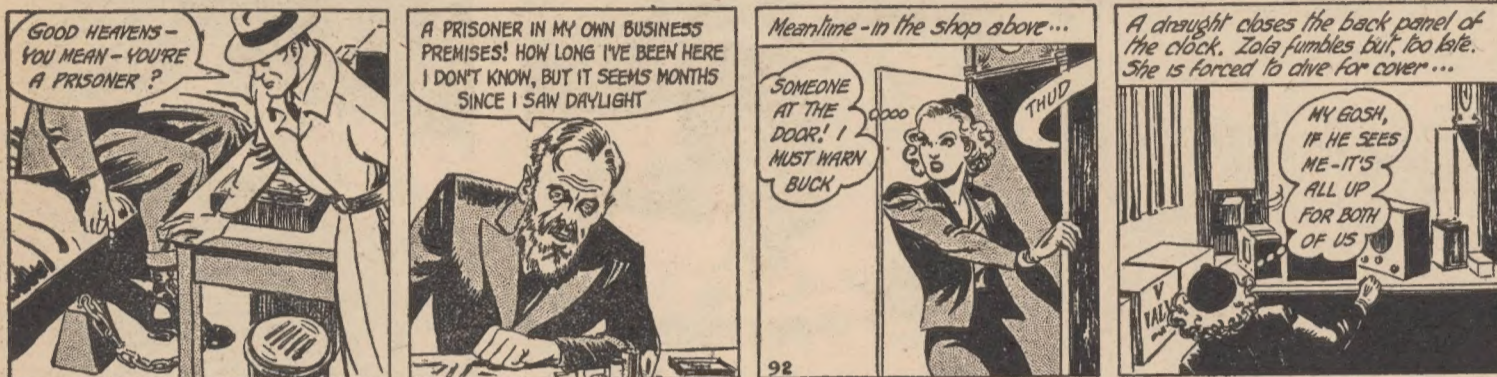
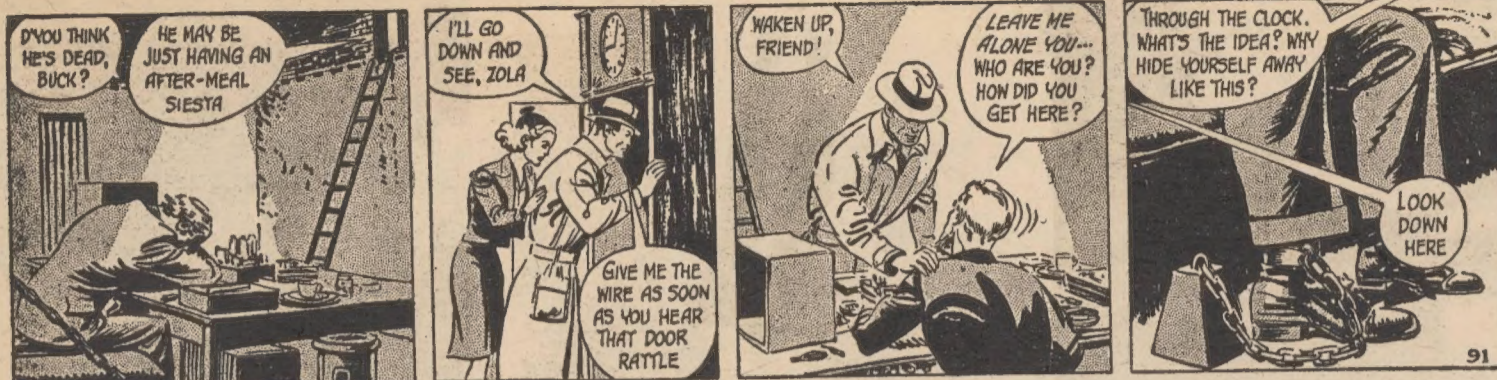
Life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.
O. Henry (1862-1910).

Man without religion is the creature of circumstances.
Julius and Augustus Hare.



"Pipe down, Peter! She's old enough to be your mother!"

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

MORE and more people are realising that stamp collecting is not just a schoolboy's hobby. It is a hobby, certainly, but it is primarily a mode of investment. In wartime, stamps, like precious stones, offer a safe means of tying up money.

Refugees from Occupied Europe have brought away their savings in the form of postage stamps. They know that stamps can be changed into cash in any country in the world.

For collectors outside Europe there is to-day a rare opportunity to purchase new issues at little more than face value, with a view to selling when the war is over and dealers now in Occupied Countries are free to buy.

In this column I want to give you an idea which issues are likely to prove the best investment. A stamp is not necessarily a good buy because it is new. Russia and Free France, as examples, are issuing sets which, in my opinion, will never be worth more than a few coppers.

How does one buy stamps, particularly when cut off from the shops by Service duties?

There are plenty of reputable dealers in this country who conduct business through the post. Get in touch with one and let him know your wants. In my experience, the average dealer will go to an immense amount of trouble to fill your orders, even though they bring him in only an odd shilling or two.

Get one of the stamp periodicals and read the advertisements. The best of them for your purpose are "The Stamp Magazine," published at 3d. monthly, "The Philatelic Magazine," 4d. fortnightly, and "Stamp Collecting," published at 3d. weekly.

Bear in mind, however, that wartime currency regulations forbid the import of foreign stamps in mint condition. Used copies are all you are likely to come by, though a few mint stamps slip into the country somehow.

It is an offence to deal in the new issues of Axis and Axis-controlled countries. So don't ask your dealer if he has the new German stamp with the portrait of Himmler! A few copies reached Berne and sold to philatelists at £35 apiece—but that's different, for Switzerland is a neutral country.

In a later number of "Good Morning" I will reproduce some of the stamps recently issued by the Germans in Occupied Countries.



Cuba has issued a series of five Anti-Fifth Column stamps in values of 1, 3, 5, 10 and 13 cents. You see two of them (reduced in size).

In this column. The inscription of the 10 stamp reads: "Unmask the Fifth Columnists," and that of the upright: "Be Careful, the Fifth Column is Spying!" A million of each value were printed.



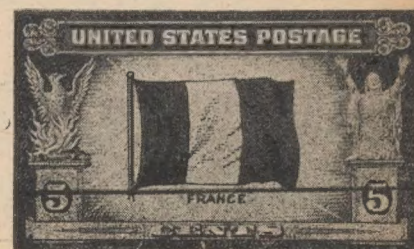
I don't mention these for investment. They are not a collector's item. But as an example of how the postage stamp can be used to carry war propaganda, I think they're worth a place in the album.

In June last, the United States began a monthly issue of stamps, each of 5c. value, honouring "the heroic and continuing resistance to the Axis Powers by the peoples of the over-run and Occupied Countries of Europe."

The design shows the flag of the country honoured. They are the first U.S. stamps to be printed in more than two colours and employing more than one printing process.

The series started with Poland, and then came Czechoslovakia, Norway, Luxembourg, Netherlands, Belgium, France, Greece, Yugoslavia, Albania and Austria. The stamp illustrated here is one-and-a-half times actual size.

These flag stamps are well worth buying now for later appreciation, particularly on first-day cover.



Good Morning

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